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DODGE CITY, KANSAS

MY HAPPY HOME.

Coming home in the cold, gray twilight, Over the lonesome way, With heart and brain overburdened By the worry and care of the day; Tired from the struggle of living And glad for the night to come I turn the corner, and there I see The light of my happy home.

And worry and care forsake me,
And weariness finds its rest;
With quickened footsteps I hurry on To the place I love the best. For I know that some one is waiting And looking out through the gloom Down over the lonesome roadway. And wishing for me to come

And, hastening on, I remember The days of long ago.

The golden dreams of my youth time. The triumph I was to know, With same and fortune to conquer, And all life s blessings to come; But the only dream that ever came true Is this, my own sweet home

Ambition, and power, and fame:
The wealth of the Indies would leave me po
And fame were an empty name, Without the love of my darling wife, My baby and my home. an ask no greater happiness Than to my lot has come.

And what were all the others?

What matters a day of labor When the rest is sweet at night! What matters how dark the roadway That lends to my own home-light? What matters the wide world's favor. That never to me may come, When my wife and baby are waiting And watching to welcome me home

TWO BUSHELS OF CORN.

-Christian at Work

How Farmer Brown Succeeded in Performing a Good Deed.

Farmer Brown was shelling four bushels of corn on the cob, which, according to the mathematics and tabular weights and measures of old New England days, would make two bushels of corn for the purpose of the farm bin or the miller. He was shelling the four bushels of corn by the use of a common cob in his right hand, which cob he used to remove the kernels by pressure. This old-time way of shelling corn made the hands hard and horny, and the muscles of the wrist Woe be to the culprit who should have fallen into the hands of a professional corn-sheller! He might as well have been bound with withes of hornbine. The boy who felt the withy grasp of such a left hand, and the applieation of a buttonwood rod by such a right hand, was sure to have his memory permanently quickened, and the lesson usually proved effectal. Such farmers, from their lordly dialogues with their oxen, had strong voices as well as hands, and when one of them said "boy" it meant much. And "boy" was just the word that Farmer Brown said while

Harry Brown, the "boy," started. "Boy" was a word of command from the generalissimo of the farm.

"Sir?" Mrs. Brown was sitting in the armlow candle. Mr. Brown was shelling corn because he had nothing else to do. and Mrs. Brown was knitting because she had nothing else to do, and Harry Brown was studying a music book by good old William Billings, of Stoughton, because he sang in the choir of Hard Scrabble Church-which was a real name, and not one made up for storytelling purposes.

Harry had been drawling "do, mi. sol. do," when the word of command came. "Boy, seeing we have so much to be thankful for. I'm going to do just the

right thing by my duties-" What was going to happen? She was the mountains in all the over-floods of a thrifty, frugal woman-was Mr. Brown glory most inspiring. After singing the going to give away something out of their hard earnings and savings? If so, what and to whom? No unworthy person, she "I've been thinking over this bushel of corn-I always do a deal of

thinking when I am shelling corn." What you been thinking about

"About the sermon that Elder Leland preached on the text: 'For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye: do not even the publicans so?" Now, Peter Rugg has not used me just right, and I am going to make him a roan horse, who had no disposition to be present of two bushels of corn. And-boy-you shall carry it over to him tomorrow morning on horseback."

Mrs. Brown's cap border lifted. She dove at the snuffers, and snuffed the candle with a spiteful dive at the long black wick.

"Eben!" "Well, Ennice?"

"Peter Rugg just gets his living by doing nothin', don't he?"

'Yes, but he is sick now; and you know the text. There's no merit in doin' just what you want to do, and havin' your own way and will, and lookin' for reward, Elder Leland says-

"And Peter Rugg's wife, she goes a-visitin' for a-livin', and eats up every body's plum-cake and apple sass-Yes, yes, but Peter was shiftless

something-and he's sick now." "Well. I don't approve no such doin's.

I don't believe in encouragin' idleness. If a man will not work, neither shall be eat! There now, Eben!" "Do, mi, sol, do," sang Harry.

The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads its glories to the west. He was practicing the "Ode on

Science," the crowning attainment of all musical efforts in these simple sing-"Well, I do declare, Eben, I hope if

you send two bushel of corn, of your shellin', too, to that shiftless Peter Rugg-I do hope-"

What Eunice?" "That it will never get there."

"Sho! Eunice; that ain't the right quacking, gobbling. sperit-when our barns and cribs are full, too, and Peter is the only real poor the cause of all this gathering of wings difficult to account for their disappear-person in the town, too, and he's the and bills behind him. The fowl all ance. This fact has led to many popuperson in the town, too, and he's the only one in all the world that hasn't seemed happy; so was he; it was a bright used me quite right, too. I'll have to send it to him, or else be very poor and one of the control me quite right, too. I'll have to and happy morning.
it to him, or else be very poor and Once or twice he shook his fist at so

mean in soul, and carry about with me a feelin' that I haven't done my duty, and been grateful for all my blessin's. Eunice, I'm goin' to do it, anyhow,"

"Well, all that I've got to say is that I do hope the grist will never get there. "Now, boy, you may go to singin'school."

Harry slipped away with the parallel-"American Vocalist" under his arm. The singing school made great progress on the "Ode on Science" that night, and Harry had descended into those deep and cavernous regions of solemn bass foundations with the ambi-

tion of a basso profundo. The moon was hanging over the dark pastures and alluvial cranberry meadows. He continued to sing-he could not help it; the piece haunted him. Nothing at all so wonderful as the accomplishment of that piece by the singing-school had ever before come into his experience. The words, too, were magical to him-like a new world. So, in the new creations of the poet and composer, he jogged along, singing, until he came to the graveyard where Captain Joab Stafford and the heroes of Bennington lie buried, and then he continued to whistle the same tune. A boy at that time did not know what might happen when he was passing a graveyard!

The next morning Harry received the same peremptory summons to attention-"Boy!" Now, this was not intended in this strange case to be reproachful toward Harry, but to let prudential Eunice understand that in this case of casuistry his mind was made up.

"Boy, bring that old roan horse, and I will put on his back the two bushels of,

Eunice heard the order, and she knew that the laconic word was meant for her ears. She said nothing but went on grinding coffee, pounding locker, mixing Johnnycake, straining milk, boiling potatoes, breaking eggs, "settin" the table, "shooing" the hens from the doorstep, feeding the dog, and "scat-ting" the cat, and all those varied and multiple of duties that fall to the experience of a thrifty farmer's wife for the sake of being supported.

The sun rose red over the valley and intervales. The blue jays seemed to blow about screaming, and the crows cawed in the walnut trees. The conquiddles had ceased to sing, but there was a chipper of squirrels everywhere. One could hear the old mill-wheel turning in the distance two miles away. The trees on Park Lane, the scene of the Mason farms, were blazing like an army with crimson oriflammes, and fat turkeys were gobbling around every farmhouse for miles. This was the farm region of the famous Cheshire cheese, one of which, weighing more than 1.200 fbs., had been presented to President Jefferson. Elder Leland acting as envoy for the merry farmers, and preaching all the way to Washington and back while executing the famous commission.

After breakfast, Harry brought the sorrel horse to the door, and Eben. whose benevolent heart had prompted him to a duty in spite of itself, put on his back the two bushels of corn, so as chair by the stand, knitting by the tal- to form a kind of a saddle, one bushel one side, and the other on the other.

"Take the corn to the mill," said Eben; "have it ground, then take the meal to Peter Rugg, and be sure to tell

Harry was no idiot boy like that in Wordsworth's tale of Bettie Foy, but this morning his wits went wool-gathering. The Ode on Science and his musical triumphs of the night before had quite turned his head, and he started off singing:

"The morning sun shines from the east. And spreads its glories to the west."

This was literally true. The morning in old Swansea." as bright and t Ode on Science, Harry essayed "Majesty," and he made the woods ring with:

"On cherub and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad."

He made even the chipmunks run, and the grave jays stop to listen. He was a happy boy, a very happy boy. It was a long way from the red house and barn of Eben Brown's farm to the great wooden mill-wheel on the Housatonic, but Harry did not urge the urged. Why should one travel fast when every thing is bright and beauti-

ful? Eben had tied the bag tightly the night before, after he had reduced the four bushels of corn to two. He picked up every kernel of corn that he had chanced to scatter over the floor, and put it into the bag.

Now, in the house there were mice sly mice. And when all the family were in the other world of dreams on the night before, one or two of these mice had explored the kitchen, and, finding not so much as a single kernel of corn, after all the vigorou sshelling, had each gnawed a little hole, one in either end of the bag, and had made a dainty meal, and slipped away, leaving the two little holes. The motion of the sorrel horse, born so, tired like-and she had to eat as he walked mathematically along, began to slip out the corn through either end of the bag, slowly at first, but very freely at last, unperceived by Harry, whose mind was on wings in the far-off

musical sky. As he went on singing and whistling, and sifting the corn unperceived, a strange annoyance befell the felicitous knight of the two bushels of corn. The hens ran after him from the farmhouses, the great flocks of turkeys gob-bling, the waddling geese quacking. He passed the great dairy farms under the cool shadow of Greylock and the be almost an army at last, cackling,

new flocks of turkeys that came flying AGRICULTURAL HINTS and gobbling down from an old

wall. "Don't you gobble at me!" he said,

and then went on, singing. The composite army of farm fowl left him at last, and he came in sight of the foaming mill-wheel that was tossing the cool waters of the Housatonic near the grand old orchards of what was once one of the New Providence farms. New Providence is a vanished village now; its churches and inns used to be on Stafford Hill, but Cheshire village has taken its place. One can not so much as find New Providence on the map. It was settled by the Masons and Browns shoulders of Greylock, and the lights and Coles from Swansea, Mass., and Cov-glimmering on Stafford Hill, as he returned. It was a crisp night, with a ville, N. B., first, but finding the clithe bare harvest fields the blue crisp and the control of the color o the bare harvest fields, the blue gentian pastures and alluvial cranberry mead- founded Cheshire under the name of New Providence.

Suddenly Harry ceased singing. The horses's back began to grow hard. He thought that he would adjust the bag and make his position easier. He clasped the bag-and what a look of amaze ment must have come into his face!there was nothing in it, not so much as a single kernel of corn!

Harry had heard of witches and things bewitched, of people casting an evil eye, of the awful ghost story that Elder Leland used to tell. He recalled his mother's wish, and wondered if that had not bewitched the bag. Had the bag untied? He look to see. No, there was the string. His heart thumped, and he felt hot flashes and cold shivers creep over him.

He stopped the horse. Crows cawed above him. The mill-wheel turned and turned before him. Why should he go forward? He had nothing for the miller -and what, oh, what could he say to the miller if he went to the mill with

an empty bag! He would retrace his way, and see if that would offer any clue to the appalling mystery. But it offered none. There was not so much as a kernel of corn in the road, and the turkeys and geese and ducks and pullets everywhere seemed contented, with full crops and fat sides. They did not even gobble or quack or cackle. The world all seemed

serene and happy.

What should he say to his father? And to his mother?

And what would the world say now? And Elder Leland, who had been visited by a ghost and had heard voices from the sky?

So towards the red farm-house Harry Brown turned his horse's head in wonder and amazement. He thought of the awful Indian tales and ghost tales of old Swansea, from which the early settlers had come, of witches riding on broomsticks in the air, and "spells" and "evil eyes" and all sorts of imaginary mysteries. In this frame of mind he rode up under the hour-glass elm in front of the house, and his father came to the

"Did he receive it well, sonny?" asked Eben, with a beaming face.

"It is gone," said Harry, with a doleful face.

"What gone?" "The grist."

"Sho! Where?" Here Eunice's white head appeared. She threw her apron over it and listened anxiously. "It disappeared."

"Where?

"Into the air." "How?" "Spirits."

"Boy!" "There, Eben," said Eunice; "mind what I told you! The universe is agin ye. You couldn't get a grist to Peter Rugg's if you were to go yourself.

Twould be flying in the face of Providence. The powers are agin ye. I used

to know all about spells and such things

'We'll see-we'll see," said Eben. That evening Eben shelled out two more bushels of corn. In the morning he brought out the old roan horse, and put a bag with the corn on his back. He then went to the barn and brought a stiff buttonwood rod which he had used for various purposes of discipline and cor-

rection. "Boy!" "Sir?

"Mount that horse." Harry mounted as before. "Go to mill: I'll follow.

The pilgrimage was performed with alacrity and safely. The meal was carried to poor Peter Rugg, and received with a grateful and penitent heart. Eben returned home happy, but whatever became of that first bag of two bushels of corn was always a wonder to Harry, to Eunice, and their friends.

Eben's expectations were realized in regard to Peter Rugg. The good act restored his better will and heart, and made him a true friend for life. Eben used to tell the story, and say: "Always follow your better will, and do your duty, though the universe be agin ye.' -Hezekiah Butterworth, in Christian Union.

The Removal of Warts.

These disfigurements of the hand usually are never injurious outgrowths, as they are simply the overgrowths of the papillæ of the skin with a covering of cuticle. The separate papillæ can be seen in the seed-wart, as they stand up separately and prominently. It is commonly thought that warts can be produced anywhere on the body by inocula-tion—that is if the blood from one wart should get into a scratch or cut on another part of the body it would produce warts. In some cases this may be true, and some kinds of warts are certainly contagious. The common, hard, dry wart should be washed with a solution of soda around its base, nd glacial aceti acid applied. Chromic scid and nitric Park Lane Ridge; everywhere there fol- acid will also answer the purpose. The lowed him great flocks of poultry-hens, wash around the warts prevents the ducks, geese and turkeys; they grew to acids from spreading over the hand, and causing sores. The warts are very uacking, gobbling.

But Harry did not stop to investigate and go so suddenly that it is sometimes

A GOOD MOLE-TRAP.

an Effective Contrivance for Ridding the Garden of These Pests. It is a sad tale, says a writer in Farm and Fireside, which one of my friends has just been telling me—the tale of a cold-frame well filled only a few days ago with fine plants of choice cabbage varieties for spring planting, now utterly ruined by the pesky mole. Not a plant left! "What shall I do to get rid of the pest?" asks my friend in despair and with blood in his eye. In the first place I would select a site

for the cold-frame somewhat farther removed from a creek or the edge of a low land meadow than was my friend's. Moles don't usually work in gravelly or clayey upland, such as the inquirer had at his disposal for the purpose. Further-more, I would board up a hot-bed tightly, clear from the bottom of the excavation up, and fix cold-frames in a similar way, thus guarding, in a measure, against the intrusion of moles, rats and mice.



MOLE-TRAP. - SET.

But if these quadrupeds get into the beds after all, I know of no other way of getting them out than to catch them or to poison them. Of the two ways I always prefer the former. Poisoning, with me, is only the very last resort.

In all localities where moles abound (which is not the case in my friend's place), and in larger towns generally, the hardware stores keep good, service-able mole-traps on sale, although I am not posted concerning the price usually asked for them. By taking a little time, and with some patience and perseverance in setting the trap or traps, the offenders can be got rid of, and their numbers in rich garden soils, lawns or meadows wherever they abound, at least greatly reduced.

As a rule, I do not admire the garden implements and small devices generally that come from foreign countries. They are mostly clumsy affairs, adapted to clumsy methods and to conditions where time and labor are of little consequence In the mole-trap shown in the annexed illustration I think we have an exceptional instance. It seems to be a model of simplicity, and altogether a serviceable device. It comes from Germany, but whether patented or not I am not informed. Any blacksmith would be able to make one after the picture, all the materials needed being some band

iron and a piece of spring steel. If manufactured in a wholesale way, cast iron being substituted for wrought iron, the original cost might be reduced so that the trap could be sold in retail for fifteen cents apiece at a profit to the manufacturer ank dealer. The retailers in Germany sell the trap for about eleven cents apiece or one dollar per dozen. At that rate every farmer could afford to have a trap or two, while seventy-five cents or one dollar each (which suppose is about what a mole-trap sells for at our stores) makes its use in many

instances prohibitory.

The construction of these molesqueezers is made plain by the illustra-tion, and I need only add that the trap



MOLE-TRAP. -SPRUNG.

is set by pressing the handles, AA, of the "mole tongues" together, thus opening the jaws, BBB, and inserting the trigger, C, in position, thereby keeping the jaws apart. Carefully open a little piece of the mole-run from the top, then insert the trap thus set lengthwise of the run, so that the trigger, which is cut out in the middle, forms a kind of obstruction to the pass age of the animal, and cover the run up again with pieces of sod or slate. The mole comes along, runs against the obstructing trigger, this unwittingly releasing the jaws and giving th spring, D. a chance to exert its power. All at once the unfortunate animal finds himself in a tight squeeze, and in the iron grip of death. It makes no ce, either, from which side comes; he meets the same fate.

Dust Baths for Fowls. In the matter of dust or earth baths fowls much prefer burrowing in the earth to wallowing in a shallow dustbox. One corner of the poultry-house should be inclosed and then filled with soft, pulverized, dry earth to about twenty inches above the level of the floor. Have a small door connecting this with the poultry-house, and when it is left open the fowls will walk in and take a good wallow. All kinds of poultry especially love to dust themselves when there are indications of

POULTRY.

Poultry shipped alive to market, says the American Agriculturist, should be well fattened, healthy and free from blemish. It is mostly used by the city people who will not take or use any fowl or animal that is in any way de formed; but for unblemished and wellfattened fowls they are willing to pay the highest price. Before putting the in the coops give plenty of feed and drink. Feed grain only; meal sours. Do not overcrowd the coop, as it causes excessive heat and makes the fowls feverish and sickly. If sent by express the coop should be as small and light as is compatible with sufficient strength to bear rough handling. Freight is charged on weight of coop, as well as of poultry. Old roosters usually sell at half the price of fowls, and young roosters are rated the same as chickens. Small and near-by lots are best sent by express, and the coops will be returned free of charge. These can be made smaller and lighter than those which

are sent by freight.

A good and convenient size for express coops for fowls, chickens and ducks is as follows: Boards for ends and middle, each two feet long, one foot wide and five-eighths of an inch thick, free from shakes or splits, and of light dry wood. For the bottom use boards four feet long and three-eighths of an inch thick. For the sides and tops good, clear, straight-grained plasterers' lath is the best and cheapest. Make the bottom of boards the same length as the full width of the end and middle pieces. Nail the lower laths close against the bottom boards on both sides to prevent the fowls from getting their feet or legs out. Leave interstices of about two inches between the laths on sides, but only one and a-half on top. This prevents the fowls from sticking their heads through and being injured or killed as one coop is placed on another. Do not nail the two middle laths on top of the coop, but use screws so they can be easily removed. Nail a piece of thin, light hoop-iron all around the ends and middle. For small spring chickens and pigeons make coops of the same dimensions, but only eight inches high, as only strong, healthy pigeons are used for trap shooting. Do not put squealers or young ones in, or any with clipped wings, as they will be thrown out when sold.

For geese the coops should be fourteen, and for turkeys sixteen inches



CRATE FOR SHIPPING POULTRY.

high. For shipping by freight or long distance make as follows: Five feet six inches long, three feet wide and one foot high for chickens, fowls and ducks; for geese, fourteen inches high, and for turkeys sixteen. The coop is divided by a partition across the middle. Use posts two inches square for the corners and middle. The slats on each side next to the bottom should be three feet five inches long, the others at each end three feet long. The five inches extension beyond the end of the coop is to hold a feed trough. The long slats and bottom boards are five feet six inches long-all three-eighths of an inch thick. The slats are from two and a-half to three inches wide, free from knots and straight-grained. A V-shaped notch is cut in the projecting ends of the lower slats to hold the feed trough outside of the coop. Put the slats on the sides and ends, about two inches apart; but closer on top, to prevent the fowls from getting their heads pieces of board, four or five inches wide, of the bottom end pieces and to the side slat. The best feed to use is cracked corn thoroughly soaked, as it holds the moisture and will not sour. The illustration shows the heavy style of coop in perspective.

What Is the Most Economical Breed? A model milk test was held by Prof. J. W. Robertson at the Provincial fair in Ontario with a view of ascertaining cost of production as well as amount. every-day farmer cares more to know what kind of cow will produce one pound of butter the cheapest than to know which will produce the most. Three cows each of Ayrshires and Jerseys were entered. The Ayrshires with \$1.48 worth of food gave 245 pounds of milk which produced 7.13 pounds of pure fat. The Jerseys gave 175 pounds of milk which yielded 8.03 pounds of fat or \$1.20 worth of food. With making due allowance for the length of time after calving, the Avrshires showed a profit of 13 per cent. on the value of the feed consumed and the Jerseys 47 per cent. The only thing that prevents this test from being absolutely conclusive is the shortness of the test. Most of the milk and butter was the result of feed consumed days and may be weeks before the fair. Such a test marked an advanced step, but it should extend over a longer period of time.-New England

Making an Orchard.

Do not select too many varieties. For the West none of us need to be told that the varieties that do even fairly well are not great. If there is a variety that for several years has done well in your immediate vicinity take it. Perhaps it may be somewhat inferior. But take The Ben Davis is not the best of apples, but many an apple grower sticks to it because it often does better than a better variety. Winter apples are pref-erable to fall or summer. That is to say, it is better to have more of them than fall or summer varieties Early apples, however, are profitable to grow. Any thing that is early on the farm usually brings a good price. But the main dependence in apple growing are the winter varieties. — Western Rural.

LAY the grape vines down on the ground. That will help them through the winter, if you do nothing else.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

-When the oil-cloth is dull and beginning to wear out, give it one or two coats of varnish. It will be pretty again, and wear much longer.

-Often a sort of scum is noticed in the basins in a marble washstand in the bathroom. Salt takes it off easily, and leaves the basins shining and clean.

-A feather-bed or matress will remain clean and in an excellent condidition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

-When one is tired and chilled and suffering from the nausea which results from going too long without food, we think no other stimulant is so effective as a cup of scalding-hot milk. -To clean ostrich feathers, lay them

on a plate and pour over them a little warm water, then, with a tooth brush and a little soap, brush it gently. Rinse them well and they will be as good as -To make sea water fit for washing

surposes.-Soda put into sea water renders it turbid; the lime and magnesia fall to the bottom. And soda should be used in quantity sufficient to render the water alkaline.

-Most people dry their umbrellas handle upwards. This concentrates the moisture at the top, where it is close, rusts the wire which secures the stretchers, and rots the cloth. It is better. after the umbrella is drained, to simply invert it and dry it in that position.

-Especial pains should be taken in winter to often change the clothing worn next to the skin. So many more and thicker garments are worn in winter than in summer that the exhalations from the body do not pass off as readily, but are more apt to be retained in the clothing, and may be reabsorbed into the system.-Ladies' Home Journal.

-Flexible Mucilage.- To twenty parts of alcohol add one part of salicylic acid, three parts of soft-soap, and three parts of glycerine. Shake well, and then add a mucilage made of ninetythree parts of gum-arabic and one hundred and eighty parts of water. This is said to keep well and to be thoroughly elastic.

-If the not unusual accident of "a bug in the ear" occurs, waste no time in trying to drag the offender out, douse in sweet oil, salad dressing or molasses even, if you haven't the others handy, any thing to entangle and quiet the intruder before it makes the victim wild. It can then be syringed out with warm

water.—Exchange.
—Diphtheretic Sore Throat.—One teaspoonful of flour of sulphur dissolved in a wine-glass of cold water. Put the sulphur into the glass first and pour on a very little water and rub together with the finger, then fill the glass with water. Sulphur will not mix with water easily. and it is necessary to use the finger in place of a spoon. Gargle the throat well with this mixture, allowing some to be swallowed. Repeat every three or four hours until the white spots disappear.

CHANCE FOR EXPLORERS.

ction of Washington Never Troddes by the Foot of White Man.

Washington has her great unknown land, like the interior of Africa. The country shut in by the Olympic mountains, which includes an area of about 2,500 square miles, has never, to the positive knewledge of old residents of the Territory, been trodden by the foot of man, white or Indian. These mountains rise from the level country, within ten to fifteen miles of the straits of San Juan de Fuca in the north, the Pacific ocean in the west, Hood's canal in the east and the basin of the Quinault lake in the south, and, rising to a height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, shut in a vast unthrough. Make a feed trough of two explored area. The Indians have never penetrated it, for their traditions say that it is inhabited blocks in, and nail well in the notches tribe, which none of the coast tribes dared molest. Though it is improbable that such a tribe could have existed in this mountain country without their presence becoming known to the white man, no man has ever ascertained that it did not exist. White men, too, have only vague accounts of any white man having ever passed through this country. for investigation of all the claims of travelers has invariably proved that they have only traversed its outer edges.

The most generally accepted theory in regard to this country is that it consists of great valleys stretching from the inward slopes of the mountains to a great central basin. This theory is supported by the fact that, although the country around has abundant rain, and clouds constantly hang over the mountaintops, all the streams flowing toward the four points of the compass are insignificant, and rise only on the outward slopes of the range, none appearing to drain the great area shut in by the mountains. This fact appears to support the theory that the streams flowing from the inner slopes of the mountains feed a great interior lake. But what drains this lake? It must have an outlet somewhere, and as all of the streams pouring from the mountains rise on their outward slopes, it must have a subterranean outlet into the ocean, the straits or the sound. There are great discoveries in store for some of Washington's explorers.

A gentleman named Drew, now residing at Olympia, states that he has climbed to the summit of the eastern range from Hood's canal and looking down could see great valleys stretching toward the west. A party of railroad prospectors claim to have penetrated the interior, but could give no account of it, and appears only to have skirted the outer slopes ten or fifteen miles from Hood's canal. A party of United States soldiers is said to have traversed the country from Port Townsend, but no data is obtainable as to what they

Numerous attempts have been made to organize exploring parties, but they have invariably fallen through, the courage of the projectors oozing out at the last moment. There is a fine opportunity for some of the hardy citizens of the sound to acquire fame by unveiling the mystery which wraps the land encircled by the snow-capped Olympic range.-Seattle (Wash.) Press.